

# ACTION

PICTURE  
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No. 3 One Shilling



**A GREAT  
NEW STORY!**  
MYSTERY AND MENACE  
IN THE FAR EAST!



# TIGER TRAP

# MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

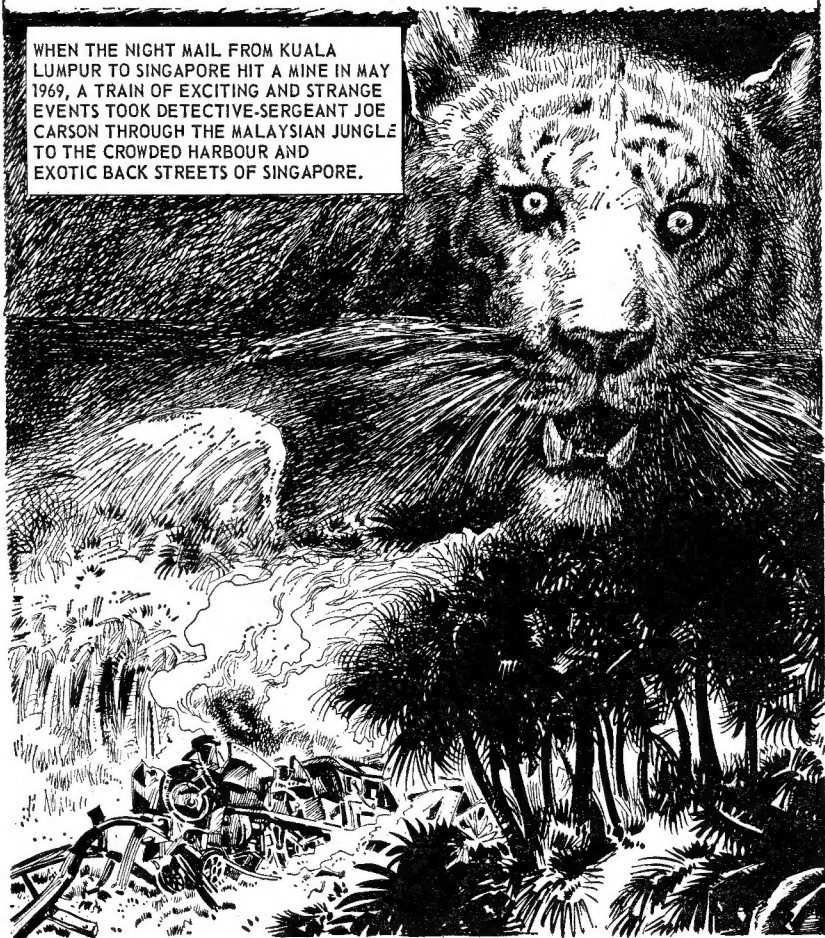
**C**APTAIN CHARLES UPHAM, a New Zealander, was one of the greatest fighting men of the war. He was awarded two Victoria Crosses. The first he won in May, 1941, during the fierce battle of Crete. Commanding a forward platoon in the attack on Maleme, he led his men in an assault on a highly organised German position and personally destroyed a number of machine gun posts. On the night of 14th-15th July, 1941, in the Western Desert, he surpassed even his bravery on Crete. Although



wounded, he alone destroyed a truckload of German troops, using only hand grenades. He was wounded again in the action but insisted on leading his company in the final attack against fierce resistance. His arm was broken during the battle, yet he blasted enemy guns and destroyed a tank.

# TIGER TRAP

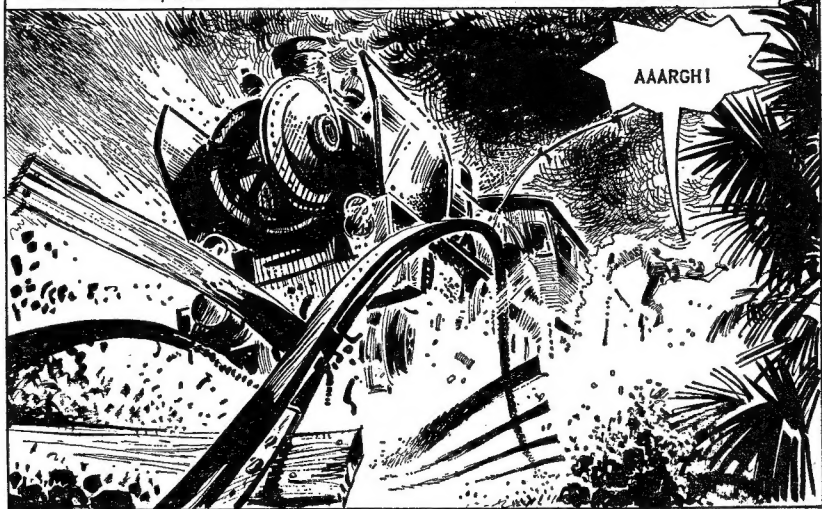
WHEN THE NIGHT MAIL FROM KUALA LUMPUR TO SINGAPORE HIT A MINE IN MAY 1969, A TRAIN OF EXCITING AND STRANGE EVENTS TOOK DETECTIVE-SERGEANT JOE CARSON THROUGH THE MALAYSIAN JUNGLE TO THE CROWDED HARBOUR AND EXOTIC BACK STREETS OF SINGAPORE.



IN THE DINING CAR OF THE NIGHT MAIL, JOE CARSON'S MIND WAS ALREADY BACK IN RAIN-SWEPT LONDON. HIS FATHER'S URGE TO GO BACK TO THE DEATH RAILWAY IN SIAM HAD BEEN BEYOND HIM.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE FRONT BOGEY WHEELS OF THE BIG ENGINE HIT THE EXPLOSIVE...





AS THE SCREAMS OF INJURED PASSENGERS SHRILLED OUT, SIX MEN RAN FROM THE COVER OF THE JUNGLE.



JOE CARSON'S FATHER WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED THEM AT ONCE AS JAPANESE ARMY OFFICERS. HE HAD SEEN TOO MANY ON THE NOTORIOUS DEATH RAILWAY WHICH HAD BEEN BUILT BY HALF-STARVED P.O.W.s TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE.



INSIDE THE GUARDS VAN, AN ALREADY SHOCKED INDIAN RAILWAYMAN WAS VICIOUSLY SHOT DOWN.



WORKING FAST, THE JAPANESE SLAPPED DOUGH-LIKE PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE AROUND THE LOCK AND INSERTED A DETONATOR.



HE HAD BARELY TIME TO LEAP OUTSIDE WHEN THE DETONATOR EXPLODED. THE CAGE DOOR SWUNG OPEN...



JOE CARSON HAD FOUGHT DESPERATELY TO FREE HIS FATHER FROM THE SHATTERED COMPARTMENT. BUT ALL THE TIME HE KNEW IT WAS TOO LATE.



FROM THE COMPARTMENT NEXT TO THE GUARDS VAN, FOUR UNIFORMED INDIANS STAGGERED OUT, STILL HALF-DAZED WITH SHOCK.

THE  
GOLD!  
WE MUST —  
AARGH!



A TRUCK PULLED OUT FROM THE TREE COVER CLOSE BY THE WRECK.

GET  
MOVING!  
LOAD THEM UP,  
QUICK!



THE STACCATO RATTLE OF THE SHOTS HAD PENETRATED EVEN CARSON'S DAZED SENSES.



HE STUMBLED TOWARD THE FLAME-LIT SCENE - AND FROWNED AS HE CAME UPON THE MAN IN THE UNFAMILIAR UNIFORM.



SUDDENLY, HE GLIMPSED THE PISTOL IN THE MAN'S HAND AND INSTINCTIVELY, LIKE THE PROFESSIONAL POLICEMAN HE WAS, JOE CARSON HIT THE DECK AND STAYED THERE.





THE TRUCK ACCELERATED AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF CHAOS — AND THERE WAS NOTHING JOE COULD DO TO STOP IT. A MILE AWAY, IT MADE A RENDEZVOUS.

OKAY, MAKE THE SWITCH. THE BOOT WILL TAKE THE LOAD.



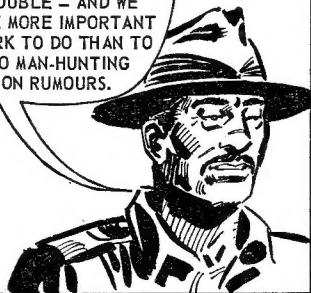
NEXT MORNING, IN THE POLICE STATION AT PILAH BATU, EVENTS WERE MOVING FAST.

YOU BET THEY WERE JAPS! I WASN'T MISTAKEN. THE DRIVER WAS CHINESE, BUT THE GUNMEN WERE JAPANESE.

THAT IS POSSIBLE. VERY POSSIBLE.



THERE HAS BEEN TALK FOR YEARS OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS LIVING WITH THE SAKI, THE ABORIGINAL TRIBE, DEEP IN THE EAST COAST FORESTS. SOME SAY THEY WERE ESCAPED WAR CRIMINALS. BUT THEY GAVE NO TROUBLE - AND WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO THAN TO GO MAN-HUNTING ON RUMOURS.



YOU CAN START MAN-HUNTING NOW, MISTER! THOSE JAPS HAD MODERN ARMS. YOU SAY THE TRAIN WAS CARRYING GOLD FROM THE MINES AT BENTONG AND RAUB. WELL, THEY'VE GOT THAT. AND TO GET IT THEY WRECKED THE TRAIN AND MURDERED HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY INNOCENT FOLK.



HE TRIED TO CHOKE BACK THE EMOTION AND GET A GRIP ON HIMSELF.



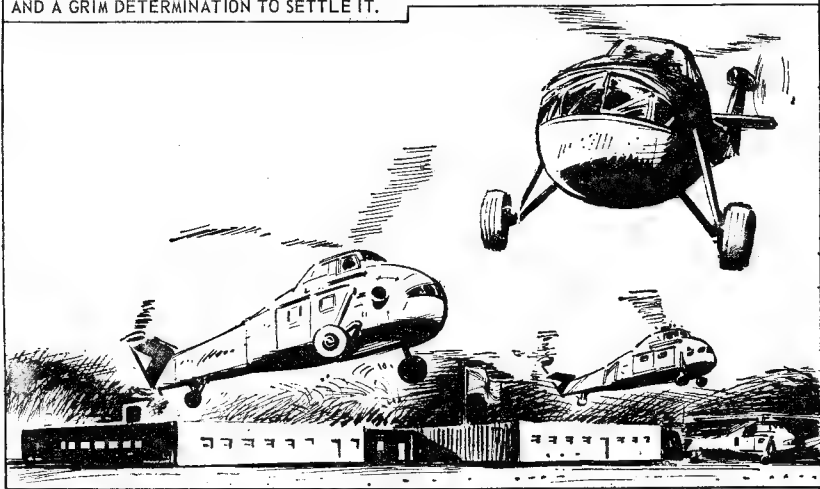
THEY KILLED MY OLD MAN! FOR YEARS HE SLAVED, STARVED AND WAS BEATEN ON THE BURMA-SIAM RAILWAY IN THE LAST WAR. THE BRUTES COULDN'T KILL HIM THEN - BUT THEY'VE SUCCEEDED NOW ALL RIGHT. THEY'VE GOT TO BE CAUGHT!



ONE OF THE ARMY OFFICERS CHIPPED IN.  
HIS BADGE OF CROSSED KUKRIS SHOWED  
HE COMMANDED A GURKHA COMPANY.



THE THREE ARMY HELICOPTERS LIFTED INTO THE HOT BLUE SKY, LOADED WITH TOUGH GURKHA TROOPS. WITH THEM WENT JOE CARSON, WHO HAD A TERRIBLE SCORE TO SETTLE, AND A GRIM DETERMINATION TO SETTLE IT.



THE THICK CARPET OF TREE TOPS PRESENTED AN ALMOST UNBROKEN SURFACE - UNTIL THEY SAW THE STRAIGHT STEEL TRACK AND THE STILL SMOKING MASS WHICH HAD ONCE BEEN THE NIGHT MAIL.



WE KNOW.  
WE FOLLOWED  
ITS TRACKS UNTIL  
THEY HIT HARD  
GROUND. KEEP  
YOUR EYES  
OPEN.

THAT'S  
IT. THEIR  
TRUCK STRUCK DUE  
EAST, STRAIGHT  
INTO THE  
TREES.

THEY QUARTERED THE SECTIONS FOR HOURS. IT WAS LIKE LOOKING FOR A GREEN PIN IN A THICK GREEN PILE CARPET.



WE AREN'T  
GOING TO GET  
FAR THIS WAY.  
WE'LL HAVE TO COMB  
THE GROUND  
ON FOOT.

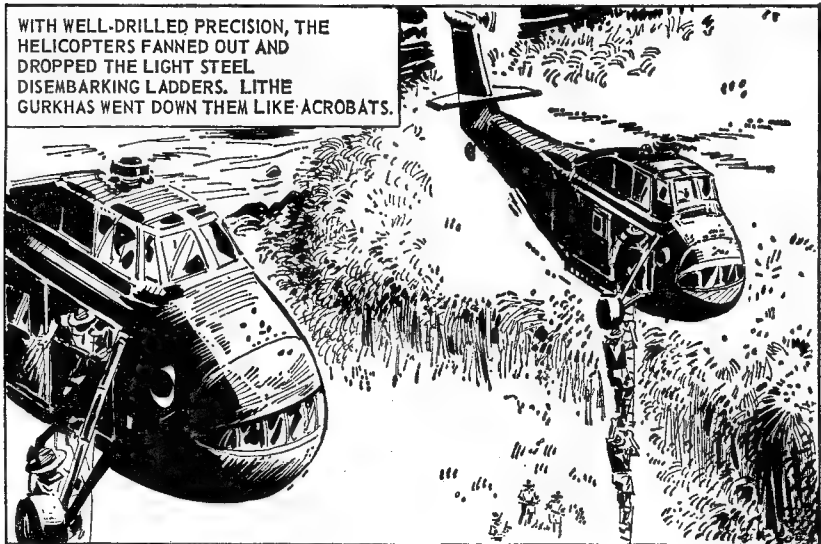
THEN, AS THEY SOARED  
ALONG THE COURSE  
OF THE RIVER...

LOOK!  
BY THAT DEEP  
CUTTING! THAT'S  
THE TRUCK  
PERCHED ON THE  
EDGE!

YOU'RE  
RIGHT! OKAY,  
PREPARE FOR  
ACTION!



WITH WELL-DRILLED PRECISION, THE  
HELICOPTERS FANNED OUT AND  
DROPPED THE LIGHT STEEL  
DISEMBARKING LADDERS. LIKE  
GURKHAS WENT DOWN THEM LIKE ACROBATS.







IT WAS A FAR CRY FROM THE NARROW STREETS OF SOHO, JOE CARSON'S USUAL BATTLE-GROUND. BUT HE STILL MANAGED TO KEEP UP WITH THE TRAINED JUNGLE FIGHTERS...



THE SUDDEN HIGH-PITCHED RAT-A-TAT OF THE LIGHT SERVICE AUTOMATICS MIXED WITH THE DEEPER STACCATO BURSTS OF THOMPSON MACHINE GUNS.



JOE'S FOOT HIT A ROOT AND HE WENT DOWN WITH A BREATH-ROBBING CRASH.



HE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET – AND FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO THE MUZZLE OF A SUB-MACHINE GUN.



JOE SWUNG HIS BODY VIOLENTLY ON ONE SIDE -  
AND PRESSED HIS OWN TRIGGER EVEN AS  
THE JAP FIRED...



LATER...



JOE GOT A GRIP ON HIMSELF AT LAST  
AND CALMED DOWN.

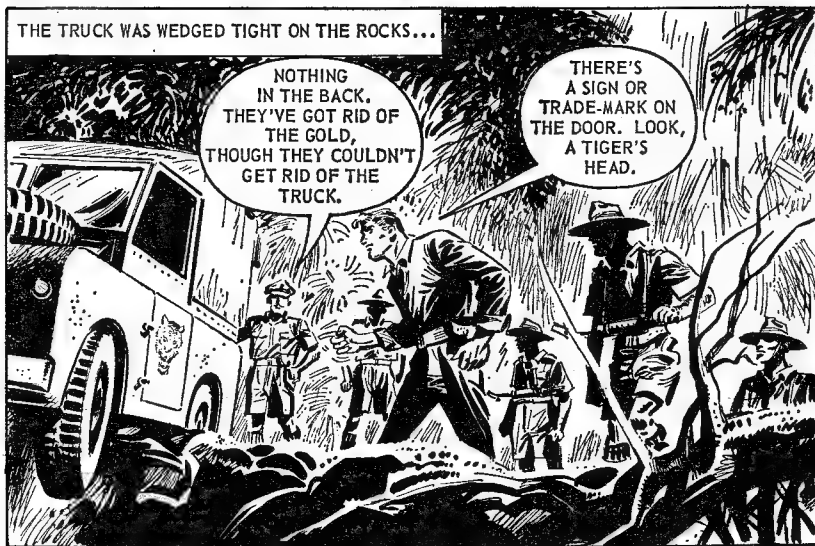
YOU SAID THERE WERE  
SIX, BUT I ONLY SAW FOUR FROM  
THE CHOPPER. I'LL HAVE MY BLOKES  
MAKE A SWEEP WHILE WE HAVE A  
LOOK AT THAT TRUCK.

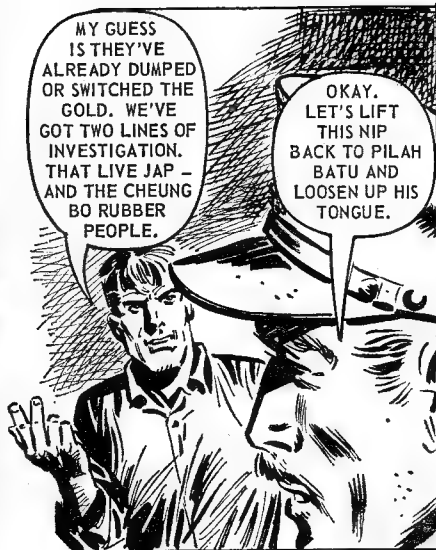


THE TRUCK WAS WEDGED TIGHT ON THE ROCKS...

NOTHING  
IN THE BACK.  
THEY'VE GOT RID OF  
THE GOLD,  
THOUGH THEY COULDN'T  
GET RID OF THE  
TRUCK.

THERE'S  
A SIGN OR  
TRADE-MARK ON  
THE DOOR. LOOK,  
A TIGER'S  
HEAD.





THREE HOURS LATER, AT THE  
GURKHA BARRACKS IN PILAH BATU.





HE SAYS SOME CHINESE OFFERED THEM A SAFE PASSAGE TO JAPAN IF THEY STOLE THE GOLD. THE GOLD WAS SWITCHED TO A CAR SHORTLY AFTER TAKING IT. TWO JAPS WENT WITH THE CAR. OUR MAN'S JOB WAS TO DITCH THE TRUCK

AND BE COLLECTED LATER. I BELIEVE HIM.



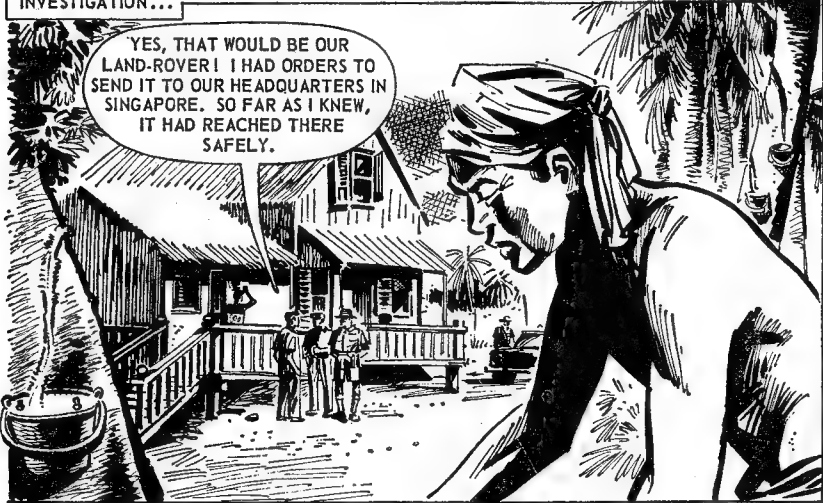
IT FIGURES. WHAT WOULD THEY DO WITH THE GOLD, ANYWAY? SO LET'S GET TO THE CHEUNG BO ESTATE.

THAT'S POLICE WORK. I'M HANDING OVER TO THE LOCAL BOBBIES FROM HERE.



AT THE NEARBY CHEUNG BO RUBBER ESTATE, THE LOCAL POLICE INSPECTOR LED THE INVESTIGATION...

YES, THAT WOULD BE OUR LAND-ROVER! I HAD ORDERS TO SEND IT TO OUR HEADQUARTERS IN SINGAPORE. SO FAR AS I KNEW, IT HAD REACHED THERE SAFELY.



THE MAN PRODUCED THE LETTER CONTAINING THE ORDER. IT LOOKED GENUINE ENOUGH...

OF COURSE WE'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE IT HERE. A FULL INVESTIGATION WILL HAVE TO BE CARRIED OUT. BUT THE PLANTATION PEOPLE ARE ABOVE SUSPICION. CHEUNG BO IS A MILLIONAIRE STRAITS CHINESE OF VERY HIGH REPUTATION.



SILENTLY, JOE CARSON LISTENED TO THE CHEUNG BO SAGA.



HE OWNS RUBBER PLANTATIONS, TIN MINES, FACTORIES IN SINGAPORE, SHIPPING, INSURANCE - EVERYTHING!

JOE LEANED FORWARD...

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE CAN'T GO IN FOR GOLD STEALING, TRAIN-WRECKING - AND MURDER.



I'VE GOT JUST A SINGLE CLUE, THE SIGN OF THE TIGER'S HEAD ON ONE OF CHEUNG BO'S TRUCKS, AND JUST THREE DAYS LEAVE LEFT. NOT LONG - BUT LONG ENOUGH TO TALK TO A MAN, WHO DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT HIS OWN TRUCKS ARE UP TO!



CARSON TOOK THE NEXT PLANE TO SINGAPORE. FINDING THE HOUSE OF CHEUNG BO WAS NOT DIFFICULT, FOR THE MAN WHOSE FATHER HAD EMIGRATED TO THE STRAITS SETTLEMENT FROM CANTON NINETY YEARS EARLIER HAD MADE HIS MARK ON THE ISLAND...

THERE IT IS, MISTER. THE CHEUNG BO CASTLE ITSELF. THEY SAY IT'S EASIER TO BREAK OUT OF CHANGI JAIL THAN TO BREAK INTO HERE. NO VISITORS ALLOWED. STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.



A SECOND AFTER HE HAD PULLED THE BELL-CORD, A VOICE SEEMED TO COME OUT FROM THE DOOR ITSELF. CARSON LOOKED UP, INTO THE EYE OF A TELEVISION CAMERA.



I WANT TO SPEAK WITH MISTER CHEUNG BO - ON PRIVATE BUSINESS. MY NAME IS CARSON. A VISITOR FROM ENGLAND.



JOE HEARD THE CLICK AS THE SPEAKER WAS SWITCHED OFF. THERE SEEMED TO BE LITTLE FUTURE IN WAITING...



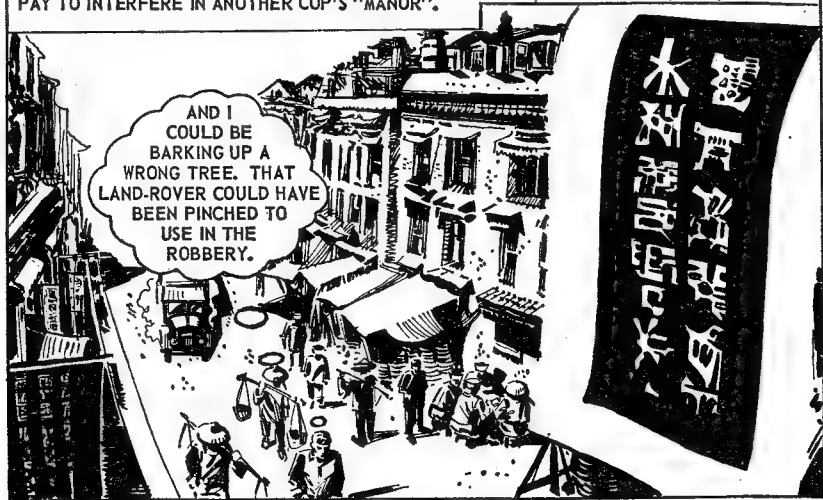
BUT AT THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION IN SINGAPORE, JOE MET IMMEDIATE OPPOSITION...







BUT AS JOE WALKED BACK TO HIS HOTEL HE WAS POLICEMAN ENOUGH TO KNOW IT DID NOT PAY TO INTERFERE IN ANOTHER COP'S "MANOR".



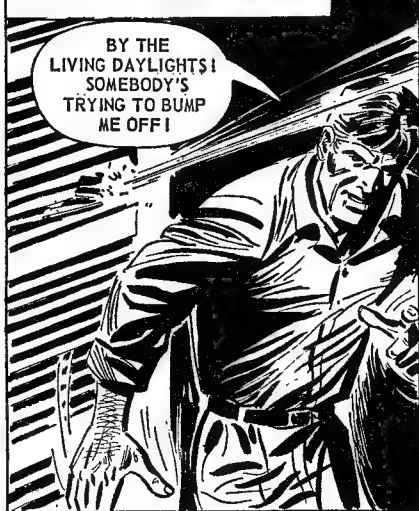
HE WALKED OUT ON TO THE BALCONY OF HIS BEDROOM. HE AND HIS FATHER HAD SAVED FOR TWO YEARS TO MAKE THIS TRIP - AND WHAT A TRAGEDY IT HAD TURNED OUT TO BE.



ON THE OPPOSITE ROOF, A SLANTED EYE LINED UP FORESIGHT WITH BACKSIGHT ON THE LIVE TARGET.



THE SLUG MISSED JOE BY INCHES...



HE TOOK THE STAIRS OF HIS OWN HOTEL IN A SERIES OF BOUNDS AND RACED ACROSS THE STREET. THE LIFT IN THE BUILDING OPPOSITE WAS "OUT OF ORDER"...



BUT ON THE FOURTH FLIGHT OF STAIRS, JOE RAN INTO A HUMAN WALL.



THE DELAY, DELIBERATE OR OTHERWISE, WAS FATAL. A SEARCH OF THE ROOF DREW BLANK. BUT NOW JOE CARSON WAS CERTAIN OF ONE THING...



SO, APART FROM REGISTERING A COMPLAINT AND GIVING A REPORT OF THE SHOOTING, JOE GOT NOWHERE. THEN, AS HE REACHED THE STREET...



THE NEWCOMER INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS SERGEANT LARRY WONG... OF THE OPIUM DEPARTMENT.

恭賀

OKAY,  
SKIP THE  
FUNNY REMARKS.  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT,  
SERGEANT?

YOU'RE BECOMING  
FAMOUS. THE MAN ON  
THE TRAIL OF THE KINDEST  
OLD BIRD IN SINGAPORE...  
NAMELY, CHEUNG BO.



THE YOUNG DETECTIVE LOWERED HIS VOICE.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO DOUBT THIS ORIENTAL PHILANTHROPIST. I HAVE A HUNCH THAT FRIEND CHEUNG BO IS RUNNING HOT OPIUM INTO THIS CITY. BUT I HAVE NO PROOF - YET! WE COULD BE FRIENDS, EH?



CARSON'S HEART JUMPED. AN ALLY AT LAST!

I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT. WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF ME GETTING INTO HIS HOUSE?

NO DICE!  
BUT I AM PLANNING  
A RAID ON A SEA-GOING  
JUNK TONIGHT. IF MY  
TIP-OFF IS RIGHT -  
IT COULD LEAD RIGHT  
INTO CHEUNG BO'S  
PARLOUR!





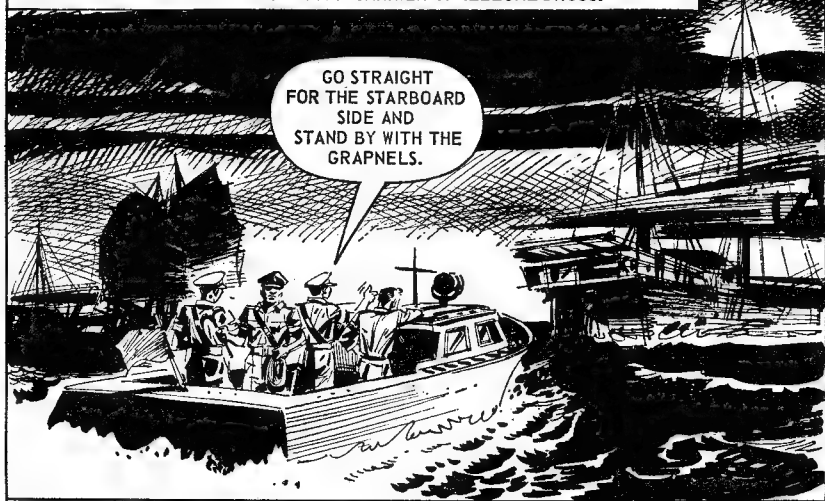
JOE CARSON FOLLOWED WONG'S INSTRUCTIONS... AND IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



A SULTRY ATMOSPHERE OVERHUNG THE HARBOUR WHICH HAD BECOME THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE FAR EAST. YET JOE FELT A CHILL THRILL OF EXCITEMENT RUN UP HIS SPINE.



THE POWERFUL ENGINE TOOK ON A DEEPER ROAR AS THE OPIUM CONTROL MEN SWOOPED IN TOWARDS THE SUSPECTED CARRIER OF ILLEGAL DRUGS.





AS THE ENGINE CUT, THE GRAPNELS SOARED ALOFT. SHRILL YELLS CAME FROM THE DECK OF THE JUNK...



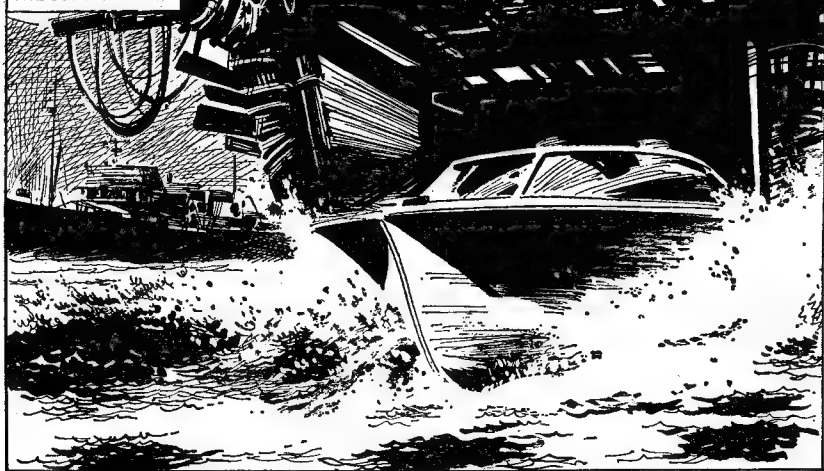
THE OPIUM MEN BEGAN TO SCRAMBLE ABOARD.



THE WELL DECK OF THE HUGE JUNK WAS DESERTED. IT LOOKED AS IF THE CREW HAD DIVED FOR COVER BELOW.



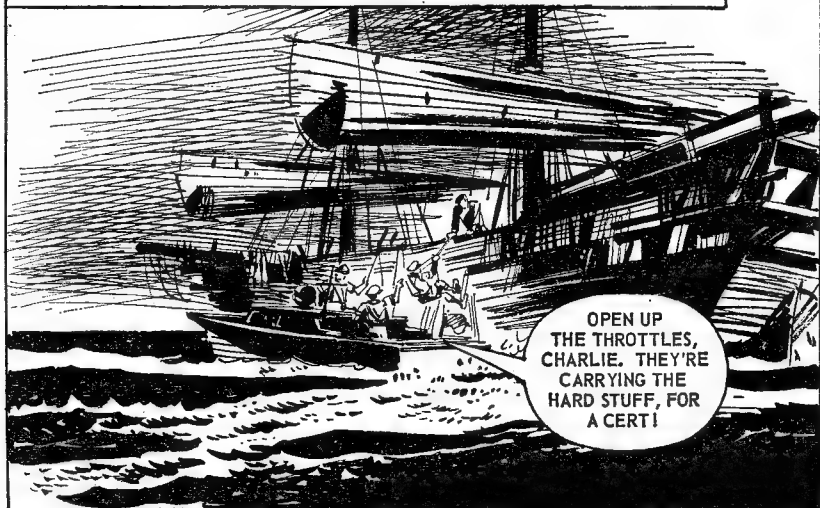
THEN - THE BIG SQUARE BOWS OF THE JUNK SWUNG OPEN. THERE WAS A ROAR AS A POWERFUL ENGINE LEAPT INTO LIFE - AND A SLEEK MOTOR LAUNCH LEAPT OUT OF THE JUNK'S HULL.



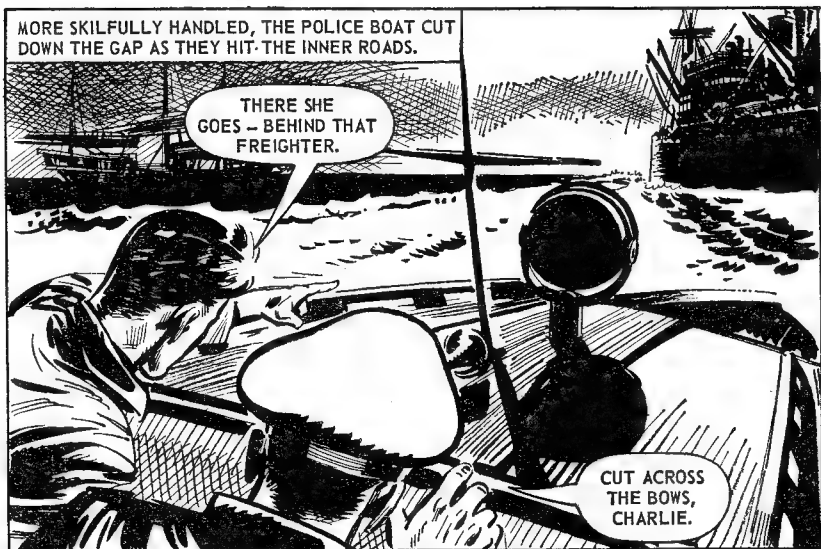
IN A MOMENT, THE LAUNCH WAS SKIMMING THE WATER...



THEY HARDLY TOUCHED THE SIDE IN THE RUSH TO GET BACK IN THEIR OWN BOAT.



MORE SKILFULLY HANDLED, THE POLICE BOAT CUT DOWN THE GAP AS THEY HIT THE INNER ROADS.



AND THEN, AS THEIR COURSES THREATENED TO CROSS, A MACHINE GUN OPENED UP.



SO! THEY  
PLAY ROUGH!  
OKEYDOKE, JOHNNY,  
OPEN UP  
WHEN THEY HIT  
YOUR SIGHTS.

CAN DO,  
LARRY, CAN  
DO!



IT BECAME A CRAZY, FOLLOW-YOUR-LEADER ROUND THE INSHORE CRAFT, WITH THE LEADING BOAT'S GUNNER FIRING WILDLY ALL THE TIME.

AAARGH!



THEIR QUARRY WAS TAKING INCREDIBLE RISKS... AND THEY WERE FORCED TO DO THE SAME THEMSELVES... OR LOSE THEM!



SOUTH OF THE CITY WAS THE WHARF AND WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. NOT SLACKENING SPEED FOR A MOMENT, THE POWER-BOAT STORMED TOWARDS IT.



AND THEN THEIR QUARRY'S ENGINE NOTE CHANGED. THEY WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE IT TEAR INTO A WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE... AND A DOOR SLIDE DOWN BEHIND IT.



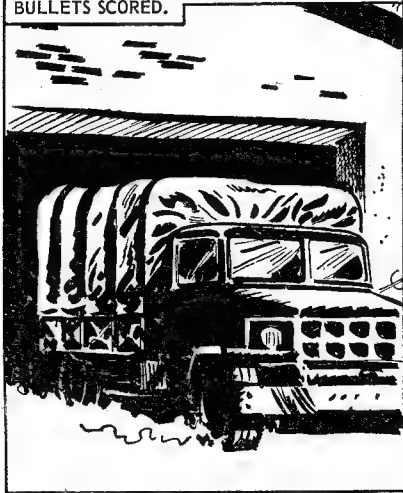
HITTING THE STEEL BASTION COULD HAVE WASTED TIME. LARRY WONG STOPPED THE BOAT AND WENT FOR THE ORTHODOX ENTRANCE.



THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN... AND THEY WERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE A TRUCK ACCELERATING AWAY FROM A LOW LOADING RAMP.



THE BIG TRUCK WAS ALREADY THUNDERING OUT OF THE BUILDING. NONE OF THE BULLETS SCORED.



THE STUFF MUST BE ABOARD THAT BABY. CHARLIE, GET BACK TO THE LAUNCH AND ALERT ALL POINTS ON THE RADIO.





AFTER THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CHASE, THE ESCAPE OF THEIR QUARRY WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT - MORE SO, BECAUSE OF THE FACTORS LARRY POINTED OUT...

I'M SORRY,  
JOE. THAT'S  
NOT CHEUNG BO'S LAUNCH...  
AND THIS ISN'T HIS WAREHOUSE.  
I'D HOPED FOR A BETTER  
LEAD - BUT IT'S RUN  
OUT ON US.

THEN  
LET'S GET  
BACK TO THE  
JUNK, LARRY.  
MAYBE THERE'S  
A CLUE  
THERE.

BUT THE OPIUM CONTROL MAN SHOOK HIS HEAD...

WE'LL  
LOOK HER  
OVER BUT THE  
STUFF HAS GONE.  
THE QUESTION IS -  
WHERE? WE'LL GO OVER  
THIS WAREHOUSE AND  
THE LAUNCH WITH  
A FINE TOOTH  
COMB FOR A  
START...

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

NOTHING!  
I CAN BRING  
IN THE DOGS TO  
CONFIRM WHETHER OPIUM  
WAS CARRIED IN  
IT RECENTLY,  
BUT...

SERGEANT  
WONG! CAN  
YOU TAKE A  
LOOK OVER  
HERE.



THERE WAS A CAR PARKED IN A DARK CORNER OF THE WAREHOUSE AND COVERED WITH TARPULIN.

IT WAS UNDER  
THIS COVER,  
SERGEANT. SEE THE  
TRADEMARK?

THE  
TIGER'S HEAD!  
A CHEUNG BO  
CAR!



JOE CARSON PERKED UP AGAIN...

WHAT'S IT DOING HERE? YOU SAID THIS WAREHOUSE DOESN'T BELONG TO THE FIRM, OR THE FAMILY.

SOMETIMES IT'S DIFFICULT TO KNOW WHAT THEY OWN. EXAMINE THE CAR - IN DETAIL.



IT WAS EMPTY - EXCEPT THAT IN THE BOOT THEY FOUND A SEMI-CIRCULAR PIECE OF HARD RED WAX, WITH AN INDENTATION ON IT.

PART OF A SEAL. IT'S GOT ' - NTONG ' STAMPED ON IT!

BENTONG! THE GOLD MINE SEAL. THAT CAR CARRIED THE GOLD!



FOR JOE CARSON, THIS WAS IT! THE CONFIRMING PIECE OF EVIDENCE TO LINK CHEUNG BO WITH THE TRAIN WRECK - AND THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

NOW WILL SOMEBODY KNOCK THE HALO OFF THE TOP OF THIS BLOKE'S HEAD? CHEUNG BO MAY BE A CHINESE SANTA CLAUS, BUT HE CARRIES EXPLOSIVES IN HIS SACK!



LARRY WONG WAS SILENT FOR LONG MINUTES... THEN...

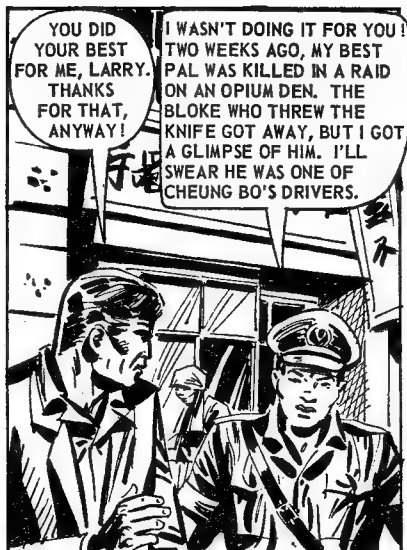
OKAY. I'LL  
STICK MY NECK OUT  
AND APPLY FOR A SEARCH  
WARRANT TO GO OVER  
TIGER VILLA... CHEUNG  
BO'S PLACE.



BUT GETTING THE SEARCH WARRANT WAS LIKE GETTING BLOOD OUT OF THE STONY  
HEARTS OF THE TOP BRASS AT CENTRAL POLICE H.Q.

NOT A HOPE! THEY  
REMIND ME OF ALL CHEUNG  
BO'S GOOD WORKS FROM THE CHINESE  
ORPHANAGE TO THE CHEUNG BO POLICE  
MEDAL FOR BRAVE CONDUCT! WE'LL  
NEVER GET INTO THAT VILLA!





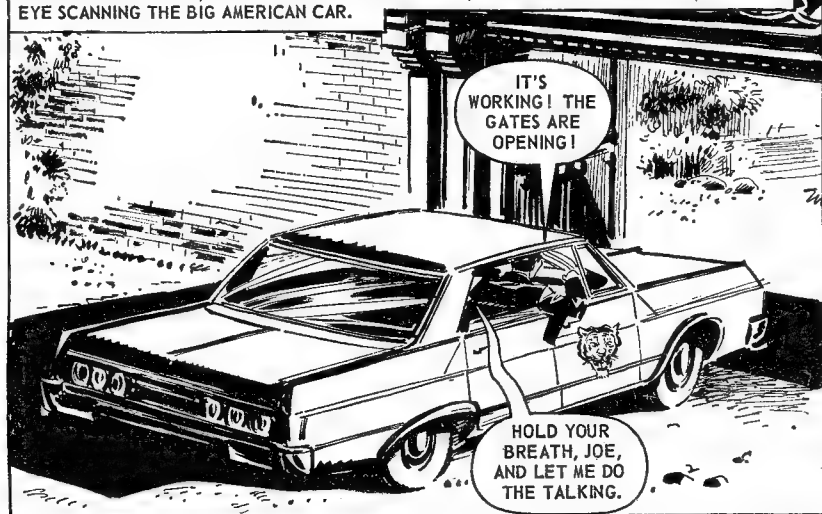
A DRIVER? JOE'S MIND BOUNCED BACK TO THE CAR.

THERE COULD BE ONE WAY OF GETTING IN. WE COULD RETURN THAT CAR TO CHEUNG BO. ONCE INSIDE, WE PLAY OUR CARDS THE WAY THEY FALL.

IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT! I'D BE STICKING MY NECK OUT - BUT WHO CARES?



THREE HOURS LATER, AT THE GATE OF TIGER VILLA, THEY COULD ALMOST FEEL THE T.V. EYE SCANNING THE BIG AMERICAN CAR.





INSIDE THE VILLA, A SMARTLY DRESSED YOUNG CHINESE SAT AT A TELEVISION SCREEN... AND WITH HIM WERE TWO MEN WEARING THE FADED YELLOW UNIFORM OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL ARMY.

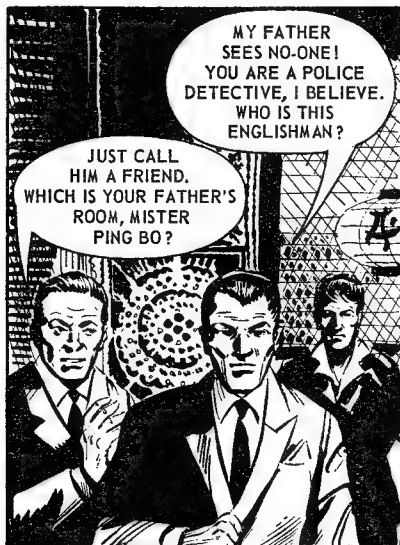


THE YOUNG CHINESE WAS EVIDENTLY NO STRANGER TO LARRY, WHO WHISPERED A QUICK IDENTIFICATION TO JOE.

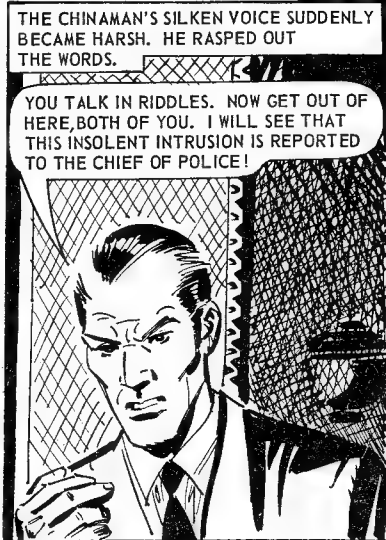
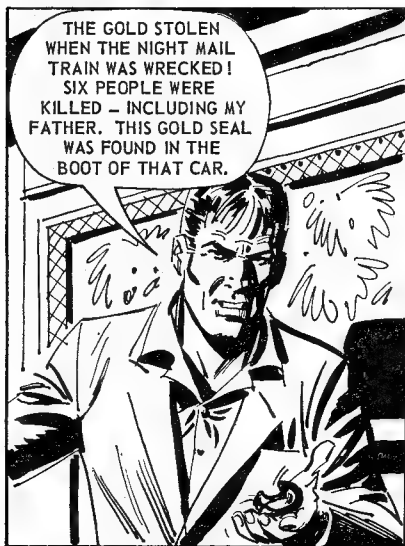




THE ROOM HAD ALL THE CHARM OF OLD CHINA, BUT THE MAN CALLED PING BO WASTED NO TIME IN CEREMONY.



THE CHINAMAN'S MANNER CHANGED, AS IF SOME WORRY HAD BEEN DISPELLED.



PAYING NO ATTENTION, LARRY STRODE ACROSS TO THE NEAREST DOOR.



THIS ONE  
IS SMALL FRY,  
JOE. WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND THE  
OLD MAN... HE'S  
THE ONE TO  
TALK TO.

GET OUT,  
I SAY!

PING BO MADE A GRAB AT JOE BUT THE ENGLISHMAN FLUNG HIM OFF AND FOLLOWED LARRY INTO THE NEARBY ROOM...



HOLY  
MACKEREL! A  
CORPSE!

IT'S  
CHEUNG BO!  
EMBALMED!

IN THAT MOMENT OF SHOCK, THEY HAD FORGOTTEN PING BO. HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET AND SLAMMED SHUT THE DOOR ON THEM...

INTERFERING DEVILS! NOW THEY HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH!



THE ROOM WHERE HE HAD WATCHED THE ARRIVAL OF THE CAR ON THE T.V. SCREEN WAS FILLED WITH CONTROL PANELS AND BANKS OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT. IT WAS TO THERE THAT PING BO HURRIED NEXT...

THEY MUST NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE...



JOE CARSON FLUNG HIMSELF UNAVAILINGLY AT THE DOOR...

IT'S LOCKED ALL RIGHT. I CAN BLAST IT OPEN, THOUGH.

JOE! THE FLOOR IS MOVING!



SLOWLY, AND SILENTLY, THE WHOLE FLOOR OF THE ROOM BEGAN TO SINK...



WHAT  
THE HECK'S  
GOING ON?

HE IS  
TAKING US  
FOR A RIDE, I  
THINK.

TEN OR TWELVE FEET DOWN, THE DESCENDING MOTION STOPPED. THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF A MUCH LARGER CHAMBER. THERE WERE ROWS OF NICHEs IN THE WALL, SOME FILLED WITH COFFINS, OTHERS EMPTY.



GRIEF!  
WHAT IS IT?  
A TOMB OR  
SOMETHING?

YOU'VE HIT IT.  
IT'S AN OLD CHINESE  
CUSTOM - FOR THE RICH.  
AFTER A YEAR OF EMBALMING,  
OLD CHEUNG BO WOULD  
HAVE FOUND A NICHE  
DOWN HERE.

ON THE FLOOR ABOVE THEM, PING BO GAVE AN EVIL LAUGH...



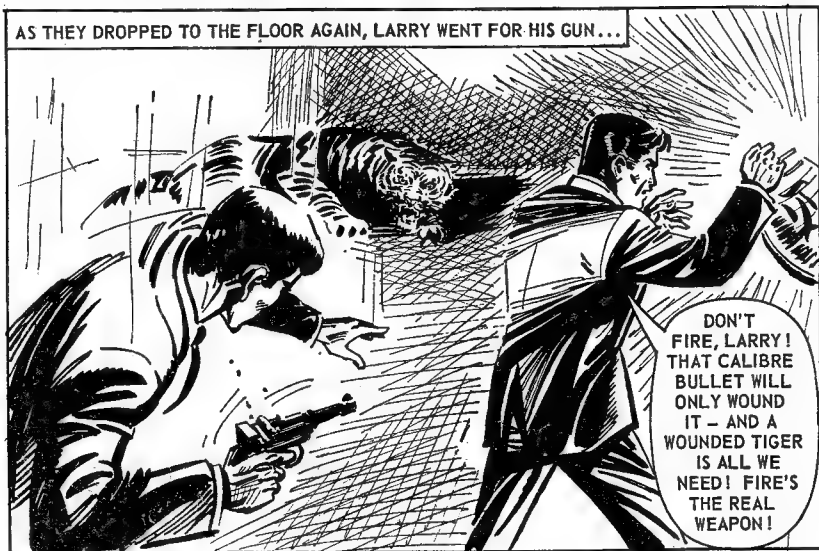
THE TWO TRAPPED MEN WERE CURIOUSLY EXAMINING THE BURIAL CHAMBER WHEN SUDDENLY JOE GAVE A STARTLED EXCLAMATION.



THEY LEAPT AND MANAGED TO GET A FINGER GRIP, BUT EACH KNEW THEY WOULD HAVE TO RELEASE THEIR HOLD WHEN THE FLOOR SLOTTED BACK INTO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION. THEN...



AS THEY DROPPED TO THE FLOOR AGAIN, LARRY WENT FOR HIS GUN...





A FLICK OF JOE'S LIGHTER AND A CEREMONIAL PAPER LANTERN BURST INTO FLAME...



THE SNARL OF THE TIGER WAS MATCHED BY THAT OF PING BO AS HE WATCHED HIS PRISONERS' REACTION ON T.V.

A THOUSAND DEVILS! THEY HAVE PUT THE FEAR OF FIRE INTO RAJAH. MATSUKO AND TAKI, TAKE YOUR WEAPONS BELOW AND FINISH THEM OFF.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE'RE ALL RIGHT ... UNTIL WE RUN OUT OF LANTERNS. THE TIGER DOESN'T LIKE FIRE.



THIS TIME, THERE WERE TWO MEN STANDING BESIDE THE EMBALMED BODY OF THE OLD PHILANTHROPIST...



BULLETS FROM THE JAPS' AUTOMATIC RIFLES THUDDED INTO THE COFFINS BEHIND WHICH JOE AND LARRY CROUCHED...



THE SAVAGE BURST OF FIRE ENDED AND JOE TOOK A CHANCE...



AT THAT MOMENT, THE TIGER PADDED OUT OF THE DARKNESS, AND LEAPT UPON THE OTHER JAPANESE ...

AIEEEE!



JOE CARSON SPRANG TOWARDS THE RIFLE THE MAN HAD DROPPED ...

JOE!  
BE CAREFUL!  
THAT TIGER'LL  
TURN ON  
YOU!



WITH A SAVAGE GROWL, THE BEAST RAISED ITS HEAD FROM ITS VICTIM... AND AT THAT MOMENT, JOE FIRED...



IT WAS OVER! THE TIGER AND ITS PREY WERE DEAD. THE OTHER JAPANESE WAS WOUNDED AND NO LONGER A DANGER. JOE EXPELLED HIS BREATH...



WITH A STRUGGLE, LARRY LIFTED A SMALL BUT HEAVY BOX OUT OF THE SMASHED COFFIN.



THE OTHER COFFINS ARE FILLED WITH  
OPIUM. A STOREHOUSE GUARDED BY A  
TIGER AND A CORPSE, JOE! CENTRAL  
OFFICE WILL HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME NOW!



UPSTAIRS, A THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED  
PING BO HAD SEEN THE DETECTIVES  
MAKE THEIR DISCOVERY. HE KNEW THE  
GAME WAS UP ...



THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE UNDERGROUND TOMB WAS ALONG THE NARROW PASSAGE USED BY THE TIGER. IT LED OUT TO THE BARRED ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE.



THE BIG AMERICAN CAR SWUNG AROUND AS PING BO GUNNED THE ENGINE. JOE CARSON TOOK STEADY AIM...



COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL, THE CAR HIT THE WALL WITH A SICKENING CRASH. THERE WOULD BE NO ESCAPE TO A LIFE OF LUXURY FOR THE RASCALLY PING BO.



TWO DAYS LATER, JOE CARSON WAS AT THE AIRPORT, EN ROUTE TO LONDON...

PING BO WASN'T TOO BADLY HURT, JOE, AND HE'S TOLD THE WHOLE ROTTEN STORY. SEEMS HIS FATHER WAS TOO GENEROUS AND GAVE NEARLY ALL HIS CASH AWAY. SO PING BO STARTED CHARITABLE WORK ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT WHEN THE OLD MAN DIED. BUT HIS CHARITY BEGAN AT HOME!

IT'S BEEN NICE WORKING WITH YOU, LARRY. I JUST WISH IT HAD BEEN UNDER HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES. LOOK ME UP IF YOU EVER COME TO LONDON. WILL YOU?



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*Tough...Dramatic...*

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